

"Young boys are frequently taken with six or four barrel revolvers in their pockets."

"The above changes in the manners and habits of certain classes in the city have taken place to a great extent, within two years; and the evil has increased greatly within six months."

From these statements it appears that, even

The *Chronotype*, referring to the same subject some months since, thus noticed the sense of this

“At these sad and lamentable disclosures, no thinking man need wonder. The increase of crime, travel, and of inequality in wealth—the tendency of improved machinery and the false commercialism to concentrate industry, and leave large masses in idleness—have some effect in increasing crime beyond the increase of population. But in these two or three next years it must be expected that these two or three next years it must be expected that

remembered that we have had a great lesson of national violence. We have seen the supreme authority of the land carrying deadly weapons, and plunging them into the living forms of a neighboring nation. Such a lesson could not be lost upon that immense class of the people whose reading is chiefly in the newspapers, and who look up to the powers that be for their ethics. The Mexican war was a demoralising cause, which pervaded the whole land—every hamlet and village, and especially every city. We shall read the bitter fruits

of this war for years to come." The effect of the Mexican war is well assigned. All shows of violence tend to unbalance the more degraded of society, and the result is crime. In corroboration of the above, we must quote from the *New York Tribune* the effect which the Hyer and Sullivan brutality had upon the lower people:

"Never was vagabondism so rampant in New York. Never were its dark, murderous dens, its high and low hells, so fiercely agitated as they have been during the past few days—and not

only while the Hyer and Sullivan beastliness was pending, but even now, we are pained to see, after that now over-to-be-notable event in the annals of loaferdom has taken place. The waters of Styx were never so horribly stirred up—never before did the lanes and alleys, the cellars, back rooms, the subterranean haunts and hiding places of metropolitan blackguardism, in the face of open day, pour forth into the streets, so dense, so bideous a swarm. We have not the heart to describe the scene at Park Row and Chatham street, where these wretched, hideous

these unbusinesslike men to congregate, presented on the evening of Thursday last, just after the telegraph had announced the result of the contest. The space in front of the respective headquarters of the combatants was literally reeking with humanity in its most degraded state, boiling, bubbling over with a morbid excitation, that at one time threatened the peace of the city itself.² After only two or three months from the time Washington Goodloe was hanged in Boston, we find it noticed that eleven capital offenses had been

The relation which emigration bears to crime may be seen from the fact, that of the number in the penitentiary of New York city, 610 were foreigners, and 285 only were natives; and of the 902 persons in the Alma-House on Blackwell's Island, 760 were foreigners. Of the 760 committed to the city prison of Rochester, 409 were foreigners. We need not multiply facts on this point, because the importance we attach to it is

Another cause for the increase of crime during the two years past, may be assigned to the abatement of zeal in the leaders of the Temperance Reform. It is well known that this zeal was much diminished during this period. It is the general complaint, that drunkenness has very much increased throughout the land during the past two years. In Cincinnati there were 490 drinking houses licensed during the year ending September 1, 1849. Drinking which was confined to the

closet, or the coffee-house with a secret entrance, a few years since, is now practiced above-board and in open day. The young man is no longer ashamed to take the intoxicating draught freely, and many are the accessions to our criminal list through the influence of intemperance. Of the 870 commitments to the jail of Hamilton county, Ohio, 790 were said to be intemperate.

The trustees of the alms-house of Baltimore city and county say:

"We must still bear sorrowful testimony to the baneful influence of intemperance as the grand cause of crime."

387
 103
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 54 per
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 174
 216
 cent,
 115

of pauperism, and again declare, that an *almshouse* would scarcely be needed in Baltimore, but *this cause of misery we want!*
 Adults admitted during the year - - 992
 Known to be intemperate - - - 944
 Other causes - - - - 45
 "And out of 142 children, born or admitted, 115 were brought to destitution by the drunkenness of their parents"²⁷

At a recent date, one-half of the convicts in the Ohio Penitentiary declared themselves to have been engaged in selling intoxicating drinks.

Facts on this subject might be multiplied to almost any extent; but it is not necessary.

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South-Nationals

FOR THE NATIONALS ETC.

THE LOST AND FOUND.

A STORY OF THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY MARY IRVING.

"*Hoove for Thanksgiving Day!*" whirruped a fat three-year-old, bursting in his night-gown into Farmer Talbot's warm kitchen. He was trying to unlock two bright blue eyes that Sloan had

Bobby's eyes were fairly open by this time—he had found his mother, and took refuge in the folds of her check dress, sucking his thumb.

quiet thankfulness. Mamma looked around from the gridiron she was superintending, with a gentle smile. That smile seemed rather sad, she thinks, for the scene and the day; but we will know more of her.

Thanksgiving was always a joyous time at Grandfather Talbot's, not merely for its turkey puddings, and pies—though softly he it spoken of—Grandmamma Talbot and her daughters *did* ex-

all other grandmothers and aunts at a roasting in the estimation of the grandchildren, large as small. But Farmer Talbot and his "gude-wife" were stanch old Puritans—two of that good old stock with which our blessed New England shores were planted. This stock has been grafted with many other and foreign shoots—but is it not still the tree of our nation's prosperity? It has long been fashionable to ridicule the quaint

manners and the starchy strictness of the Puritans. Children are taught to picture them as forever conning a psalm-book with a nasal twang—as the deadly foes of all cheerfulness and merriment. Is not this almost treason to the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers who sleep beneath us? Foes to the wild exuberance of untamed spirits they were indeed—and often too prone to stretch every mind to their own stature of opinion and

feeling. But they were a cheerful race. The happiest, yes, the merriest Thanksgiving day the brightened my young life was spent beneath the roof of a stanch Puritan old lady, one of the few that linger, like sombre evergreens in Autumn among the more gay and careless of this generation.

Farmer Talbot kept Thanksgiving day religiously as well as cheerily. Good old patriarchs He might be forgiven the pride with which

glanced round on his seven children, with a little one around him, and then lifted up his hand to bless Heaven in their behalf. But for three years, ever since the little Bobby had been a sunbeam to bless the good old man's home, there had been a shadow, too, upon it—a gentle shadow, but a sad one. That shadow was the

